

The Orangeburg Democrat.

A DEMOCRATIC JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF ORANGEBURG COUNTY.

Vol. I.

ORANGEBURG, S. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1879.

No. 7.

Job Printing

AN INTERESTING OCCASION.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE ORANGEBURG AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Orangeburg Mechanical and Agricultural Association held their Annual Meeting in the Fair Building on Saturday the 8th instant. Capt. Mortimer Glover was elected chairman, and Mr. John H. Heidtman, secretary. A committee of three on proxies, consisting of Dr. W. F. Barton, Hugo G. Sheridan and L. R. Beckwith, was appointed, and after a few minutes absence reported 113 shares represented. The chairman announced a quorum present and that the meeting was ready to proceed to business. The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. The report of the president and directors was read, also that of the secretary and treasurer, and on motion, were received and adopted by the meeting. The reports are as follows:

The Board of Directors respectfully submit their report of the transactions of the company for the year 1878, in a short and concise manner. Although the report is not financially as favorable as they could wish yet they feel that they have done their duty, and the fault does not lie with them. The general indebtedness of the Association remains without material change from 12 months ago. The scattering bonds that have been drawing heavy interest have been united in one at a lower rate of interest, and they present the property today in good condition, and in the opinion of the Directors, equal to any county association in the State.

REPORT.

JOHN L. HEIDTMAN, Sec. & Treas.
In app. with the O. A. & M. A.

To cash received on K. Robinson, ex-treasurer.....\$5 60
"Cash received for rent of buildings & grounds.....125 65
"Cash received of Citizens Savings Bank.....25 25
"Cash received of the Fair.....703 51
"J. L. Moorer, Loan.....1195 96
"Cash advanced by Treas.....2 06

Total.....\$2032 08

Cr.

By Cash paid Premium on Insurance.....\$45 00
"Cash paid Town Taxes on property.....8 00
"Cash paid on expenses of Fair.....746 60
"Cash paid on State and County taxes.....36 37
"Cash paid for incidental expenses.....1 10
"Note and interest of Mrs. Dibble.....184 08
"On Note and Interest of Mrs. Felder.....728 00
"On Note and Interest of Mr. Keller.....133 40
"On Note and Interest of Mr. Morse.....86 48
"On Account and Interest of Mr. Lucas.....64 00

Total.....\$2032 08

ASSETS.

Real Estate and Personally.....6268 41
Bal. due by Cit. Sav. Bank.....25 24
Balance due on 4 Shares.....60 00
Premiums on hand.....15 00

Total.....\$6368 65

LIABILITIES.

Amount of Capital Stock

Paid in.....5565 00
Bills Payable.....1195 96
Int. on Debt to Feb. 1, '79.....48 64
Amount Due Treas.....62 06

Total.....\$6871 66

TOTAL INDEBTEDNESS.

Bills Payable.....1195 96
Interest on Debt.....48 64
Amount Due Treas.....62 06

Total.....\$1306 66

Building Insured in the Texas Banking and Ins. Co. 1500 00
"Insured in the Petersburg Savings & Ins. Co. 1500 00

Policy.....\$3000 00

Now gentlemen after hearing the report it is for you to say what shall be done and how it shall be done. We have had 4 successful exhibitions which should be an honor to the county. The last one was the fifth, and under the trying circumstances the Board feel that as the expenses were met that they did well. There is no use for me to repeat our obstacles since 1878, but will simply remind the stockholders that their duty towards the Association has been careless and discouraging, and would invoke you to unite your wisdom and influence towards its interests in future, and whoever is elected directors will have encouragement to work for the interest of the Association and the county. We believe and feel

that the planting interests of our county demand it, and this society will seek it, and we farther believe that without some such attractions, or some such interest in home productions and improvements that social industrial improvements will retrograde; therefore gentlemen, it is for you to say to-day what shall be done—and how it shall be done, and if you elect directors to run the Fairs to interest, you must do it with a will to encourage both by your means and influence.

The report of committee on the Clement Attachment was read and received as information, and the committee discharged. The views of individual members on the future policy of the Association were called for by President J. L. Moorer. Capt. Samuel Dibble thought the true policy to be pursued was for the Association to follow the even tenor of its way. The condition of the Association was as encouraging as could be expected, and the debt resting upon it had been consolidated at 7 per cent. He advised no new enterprise save to hold a Floral Fair in the Spring in addition to the Annual Fair in the Fall. If the property adjoining the Fair grounds could be sold at a fair valuation let it be done, but not to sell it at a sacrifice. The property was not rusting and would increase in value as the town built up. He advised that the premium list be confined to articles on exhibition and not include crops raised here and there. He saw no reason for discouragement, and thought that the shares not paid for should be sold. Mr. Dibble moved that the same President and Board of Directors be elected. The motion being put was carried unanimously, and the chairman announced that the same President and Board were elected to serve the ensuing year.

Mr. T. H. Zimmerman thought Fairs did not pay expenses and favored a sale of the property. Dr. W. F. Barton did not concur but thought Fairs would pay handsomely if each stockholder would take an interest in them. The four Fairs preceding the last, each paid from \$200 to \$300 apiece. Orangeburg was a successful agricultural county—full of energy and enterprise and if each man would get his neighbor to attend and thus infuse an interest in the members of every community, in a short time the Association would be clear of debt.

Mr. L. R. Beckwith said that the success of previous Fairs came from outsiders. Most of the stockholders neither exhibited or patronized the Fair. Last year was not a fair criterion by which to judge the success of any enterprise. Let every man do his duty and success was sure.

Dr. J. C. Holman voted against the Directors because he was one and wanted to get out.

Mr. Harpin Riggs did not wish to serve, because a few did all the work and he thought the Fair an up-hill business. If every member would do his duty it would not be so.

Dr. Barton objected to Mr. Riggs declining to serve and hoped for the good of the Association he would not decline.

An effort was made to reconsider the vote by which the President and Board of Directors were elected but failed.

There being no further business the meeting adjourned.

A Mysterious Hand.

A curiosity which puzzles scientists is now on exhibition in Gould's cabinet at Mill City, Nev. It is a perfectly formed hand, which apparently belonged to a boy about fourteen years of age. The hand is open, the fingers being slightly bent toward the palm, on which the thumb rests. The back of the hand seems to have been crushed or decomposed before petrified; the palm, thumb and fingers are perfect. It was found at the sulphur beds near Rabbit Hole, by one of the men employed in shoveling crude sulphur into the refining retort, and is supposed to have been embedded in the sulphur bank for ages. The fingers are comparatively short, a fact which indicates that it did not belong to an Indian, as the red man's fingers are generally longer than those of the whites; but the thumb is rather longer than the average. To what race the owner of the hand belonged, and how and when it was embedded in the sulphur, will probably ever remain unknown.

A PRINCE'S MARRIAGE IN OREGON.

THE FORTUNES OF A LEADER IN THE AUSTRIAN REVOLUTION OF 1848.

A few days ago the Oregonian contained a list of marriages during the year, and among them appeared the following notice: "December 13, Prince C. J. Nadasky and Marie Von Reiche." The oddity of a titled wedding in Oregon led our reporter to investigate, and here follows the true story: Prince Carl Johann Nadasky, sole heir of a wealthy and influential Austrian family and a long line of illustrious ancestors, was during the revolutionary war of 1848, a young officer in the Imperial Austrian Guard. When sentence of death was passed on Robert Blum, the famous revolutionary leader and a favorite of the German people, the young officer was detailed to command the detachment of soldiers whose bullets were to terminate the life of the noblest and bravest man of his age. The fortitude Blum displayed at the execution and his parting words so impressed the young soldier that a few months' study of the liberal publications of those days sufficed to lead him into the revolutionary party. But the federal government triumphed, and Prince Nadasky, together with many other prominent leaders, was taken prisoner and condemned to death. But through the influence of his relatives his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, and he was sent to the dark toils of an Austrian fortress.

Eight long years the Prince lived the life of a convict, until at the birth of the Crown Prince of Austria he was liberated, but banished from his country for life. He came to San Francisco and devoted himself, under the assumed name of H. Meier, to the business of flower gardening, earning a livelihood and accumulating a small fortune. About five years ago he was married to a German lady of noble birth, who was impressed with the cultured and gentlemanly demeanor of the gardener. Not more than a year past he removed to this State, and lived at Salem, where he bought a small property for his business. But the happy pair had been blessed with a lovely boy, and the father found no rest in the sad thought that his dear ones were destined to lead an obscure life, away from the luxury and honors due them, and took passage for Europe. He went to Vienna, and in an audience with Emperor Francis Joseph, succeeded in obtaining his pardon and being reinstated into his ancestral inheritance. Post haste he sped back to his family, and under his real name he was again married in this city to his faithful wife. The steamer Idaho, which left here December 29, took the happy couple and their young son back to the castles of the Prince in the beautiful mountain regions of Austria.—Oregon Zeitung.

Queer Name for a Newspaper.

Considerable curiosity having been manifested by our friends in regard to the significance of the name of this paper, we will inform them that Donna Ana County having heretofore been Republican by majorities ranging from three to five hundred, and the Democratic party having in the recent election carried it by a majority of thirty-four, a revolution which one of the editors of this paper contributed towards by ing about it, was considered appropriate to adopt that majority for a name. Heralds, Democrats, Republicans, Suns, Stars, Gazettes, &c., these are without number, and not one of them possesses such an individuality as to be intelligibly referred to by its simple name without mentioning its locality. There is but one Thirty-Four, and whenever it shall be mentioned there will be no doubt as to what particular journal is alluded to. The name is brief and unique, has a local and historical significance and is just odd enough to attract attention. These are considerations which are too often ignored in a profession which lives by advertising other people's business but neglects to advertise its own.—New Mexico Thirty-Four.

A man in New Orleans was agreeably surprised to find a plump turkey served up for dinner and inquired of the servant how it was obtained. "Why," replied Sambo, "dat turkey has been roosting on our fence tree nights. So dis morning I seize him for de rent of de fence."

Who Will be Crowned in Heaven.

A five dollar note would be an extravagant price to pay for her establishment and all it contains, but if heretofore womanhood ever found embodiment in human shape, it can be seen nightly upon St. Charles street, just below the Academy of Music. A week ago Grandma Wilson was in Memphis, baffling pestilence by her tireless vigilance. Hailed by a terror-stricken community as their guardian angel, Elizabeth in the zenith of her splendor could not have commanded the adulation which spontaneously went forth to that plain old woman. For thirty-eight days and nights during the frightful harvest of death at Grenada those withered hands were often the only ones to soothe the burning brow or close dying eyes. To her tender care were committed their children by dying parents. Appointed by the divine mandates of gratitude universal exulting and administratrix, in that season of deadly peril and death the confidential friend of the highest, she now sells peanuts on St. Charles street. She did so before, and were another epidemic to carry desolation into a thousand homes, after another heroic battle with disease, would do so again; but is Cincinnati returned to his plough much more heroic than Mrs. Mary Ann Wilson returned from the devastating of Grenada, Grand Junction and Memphis to her peanut-stand? Mrs. Wilson was a faithful nurse here in 1887. During the epidemic of 1855 she was on duty the entire summer. In 1855 she devoted her time to the sufferers of Norfolk. Another year she visited Savannah; and, in short, for forty-one years this noble woman has flown to the aid of the sick and suffering the moment she heard of their needs. There is a seat for her among the best of God's children.—New Orleans Times.

Royal Proposing.

Nicholas, the Emperor of Russia, won his bride in a singular way; yet it had a spice of gallantry in it. During a visit to the King of Prussia, one day, while at dinner, the Emperor rolled up a ring in a piece of bread, and handing it to the Princess Royal, said to her in a subdued voice, "If you will accept my hand, put this ring on your finger." This is the imperial way of "popping the question." She took no time to deliberate, but suffered her heart to speak the truth at once; and their happy nuptials were soon consummated. The royal way is illustrated by the instance of Queen Victoria's proposal to the man of her choice—and a right worthy one it was—Prince Albert. The prince had been out hunting early with his brother that day, but returned at twelve, and half an hour afterward he obeyed the Queen's summons to her room, where he found her alone. After a few minutes conversation on other subjects, the Queen told him why she had sent for him; and we can well understand any little hesitation and delicacy she may have felt in doing so, for the Queen's position, making it imperative that any proposal of marriage came first from her, must necessarily appear a painful one to those who, deriving the ideas on this subject from the practice of private life, are wont to look upon it as the privilege and happiness of a woman to have her hand sought in marriage, instead of having to offer it herself.

They Know He Meant It.

When a newly married widower passed a crowd who were standing on the corner last week one of the party remarked:

"He waited a long time before he hitched onto his second wife, didn't he?"

"How long ago did his first wife die?" queried a subdued looking stranger, who was standing near.

The party figured that it had been about four years.

"Too soon, too soon," mused the stranger, "if my wife should die I'd never get married again."

The moisture that gathered in the stranger's eye engulfed the crowd in a sea of sympathy and when he bowed his head, and they saw the marks of a rolling pin behind his ear, and observed that several tufts of hair was missing from his scalp, they knew that he meant what he said.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

ONE MAN SHOTS ANOTHER DOWN IN URBAN BLOOD IN ATLANTA.

The Constitution of a recent date, gives the sad and sickening details of a cold-blooded murder, with the causes which prompted the commission of the terrible deed. Mr. Sam Hill and Mr. John R. Simmons met in the bar-room of the National Hotel, and almost immediately after the meeting, Mr. Hill shot Mr. Simmons, inflicting a fatal wound in the head. General rumor stated that Mr. Hill's wife was connected with the affair, and that some wrong to her was the cause of his action in the premises. Mr. Hill gave himself up to a policeman, was taken to the station house, where he made a statement to a reporter, corroborating the rumor. Said he: "I have been wronged, wronged deeper than I can tell you. I have been off and on in Atlanta several years. I have few friends here and many people are down on me. I have been wronged. I married a girl here—a noble woman. Everybody who saw her loved her. I know that she loved me devotedly. Last fall while I was away, I was wronged—wronged deeper than if a man had shot me, and left me to linger out my life in pain. Men who have not wives cannot tell how I was wronged, but a man with a mother and a sister ought to be able to appreciate it. While I was gone a man went to my wife and got into her confidence by representing himself as my dear friend. I came back to Atlanta and sold pools on the city election. One night just after this election I was up town, when a friend came to me and told me I had better go out home, as some one had gone there and told my wife that I was coming home to kill her. I hastened out to my home at 260 east Hunter street, and found on the door a note saying: 'My dear husband, good-bye. I call you by that name for the last time. I am gone.'"

It was signed by my wife, and I believe that a man came in a carriage and took her away."

The prisoner was then asked if the man he had shot was the man who had wronged him, to which he replied:

"I never saw him before in my life, but from the description I have heard, I think it was the same man."

Mr. Simmons' friends give a version of the affair very materially different. They say that after Simmons was shot, and was lying on the floor when he could hardly speak for blood in his mouth, his brother, Mr. Mote Simmons, of the firm of Simmons & Hunt, came to him, the wounded man said in gasps, "He shot me for nothing." It is also denied that Mr. Simmons ever had anything to do with the wife of Mr. Hill. Says the Constitution:

"The case is one of the most unfortunate we have ever chronicled. Mr. Simmons is a young man who has many warm friends here. He is about twenty-two years old, and is a member of the Atlanta Cadets. He is the proprietor of a drug store on Marietta street, near the cotton factory."

Hawk Eyetests.

All the winter months have catarrh in them. Same way with all the spring and fall and summer months.

Dr. Foote says: "Ice water is a better drink for January than for August." We know it is ever so much cheaper.

"Every man is the architect of his own fortune," and sometimes he does not get as much for the plans as he had to pay for the paper he draws them on.

An exchange says: "Alcohol will clean out the inside of an inebriate." It will also clean out the inside of a pocket book a little more thoroughly and quickly than anything else on record.

Now that the country has resumed specie payments, who is going to pay for our next suit of clothes. N. B.—This is a question that interests the stricken tailor a great deal more than it does us.

The microphone has recently been so improved than you can tell what a man thinks when you hand back his bill and tell him to call again with it. It is invariably, as reported by the microphone, something that had better be thought than said.

His Fraudulency.

The Springfield Republican rises in the majesty of New England virtue to remark that it is full time for the bogus President to retire J. Madison Wells into the obscurity which he merits. This, from a paper which has been set down as friendly to Mr. Hayes and his fraudulent administration, is most unkind. The Republican can certainly not be ignorant of the fact that Wells is one of "the gang;" that Mr. Hayes can no more go back on him than he can claim to be an honest man after having purloined (as he has up to date) \$55,826 of President Tilden. Wells was one of the thieves who stole the Presidency, and like all the other thieves, has been rewarded by the man who received, and is still enjoying, the stolen goods. Unless a Democratic Congress concludes to relieve the country of the disgrace by legislating these scoundrels out of office or impeaching them, they will remain secure in their places until the close of the fraudulent Presidential term. Hayes would not for a moment dare to dismiss any them. The honor said to exist among thieves must in this instance be scrupulously observed. Suggestious such as the Republican's only tends to embarrass Mr. Hayes, an affliction which, from one of his reputed personal organs, he may reasonably claim to be exempt.—Washington Post.

Decay.

Turn wither soever we will on the proud face of creation, and we find the landmarks of decay. A continued autumn brings down the weak and aged to death.

The strong oak that lifts its haughty head on yonder hill, defying the hurricane, may have a tiny worm gnawing at its heart that will sooner or later send its lifeless trunk to the earth, a broken mass of decaying wood.

The huge mountain, around whose lofty turrets the lightnings of a thousand agencies have played and flashed, and whose devoted sides have breasted the storms of snow and rain, alike impervious to each other, may contain within its bosom a volcano that will, one day, rend it in fragments, and level it with the plain.

The haughty eagle that mounts the sky, and dries his plumage in the sunshine far above the clouds, has his allotted 100 years to live.

Everywhere we find indelibly stamped the word "decay." The sun, moon and stars—the earth, with the ashes of her myriad dead—must one day be rolled up as a scroll. The tooth of time is continually gnawing the bones of departed millions. The silence of the tomb gives back but a single echo and that—decay.

What We Are to Expect.

General Grant may be the next President, and then the good old days will come again—the good old days of Credit Mobilier, Pomeroy, Patterson, Colfax and Oakes Ames; the fine old days of Belknap, Orville Grant and Indian posts bought and sold; of whiskey rings and Joyce, Avery, McKee and Babcock; of Seneca sandstone quarries and San Domingo commissions; of disinterested presents, bull-pups, fast horses, Long Branch leaves; of the gold rosin, black Friday and Brother-in-law Curbin; of custom house enterprises and Jayne, Leet and Stocking; of Chandler, Butler, Orth and Logan; of reconstruction, Ku-Kluxism and an army employed as special policemen; of Kellogg, Wells, Warmoth, Packard and Brother-in-law Casey; of Stearns, Reed, Littlefield and Simpson; of Moses, Patterson, Kimpson, Parker, Scott, and Chamberlain; of Dick Busted and Durrell; of Sickles, Steinberger, George Butler, Emma Mine Schenck and Parson Newman; of Taft, Akerman, Robeson and Banditti Sheridan; of the Freedmen's Savings Bank and its honest trustees; of O. O. Howard, Boss Shepherd, Harrington Fisher and District rings; of Christian statesmen and golden opportunities. Dost thou like the picture?—Baltimore Gazette.

"What makes dogs mad?" asks an exchange. Boys. It makes a dog mad as a wet hen the minute he sees a boy with a tin can in one hand and a string in the other, looking for something to tie them to.

A LONELY WATCH.

PASSING THE NIGHT IN A CEMETERY VAULT WITH SIX CORPSES.

Not long since the widow of a gentleman who had recently died desired the vault wherein the remains had been temporarily placed to be watched so that body snatchers could have no opportunity to ply their nefarious calling. Thinking that the vault would be watched better by the sexton than any one, Mr. Radbone was hired to keep a close lookout. At dark he took a lantern and blanket and made a bed in front of the vault, so that any one approaching it would have to step over his body. But after lying there some time, it grew quite cold, and he thought he could watch the corpse just as well if he were inside the vault out of the cold. So he unlocked the vault and went in, found that he could not lock the vault from the inside. This would never do, and yet he was determined not to stay outside.

Finally he went back to the house and aroused the hired man and the two went back to the vault. Mr. B. then took his lantern and blanket and went inside, made a bed on the floor and laid down for the night, having for companions to while away the tedious hours, six corpses. The attendant locked the door from the outside and went back to the house, and his warm bed, leaving the sexton alone in the vault with his silent companions.

There was nothing to disturb his tranquility during the early part of the night. Everything was quiet and still until about one o'clock, and then there was a gentle noise as though some one was tampering with the vault lock. Mr. B. took up his lantern, and the noise stopped for a few moments; only to begin again when he laid down on his blanket. This time it appeared to be in an opposite corner of the vault. He could see nothing and could only hear that steady scratch, which became more and more distinct every instant. Mr. B. is a brave man, but he confesses that when one is locked in a vault with six dead men, with no living soul within half a mile, and an unearthly hour to have such unexplainable noise as that, it was more than men with ordinary nerves can stand. At any rate his hair began to rise, and just as he was thinking of the best way to defend himself against his spiritual foes, a little chip-munk dashed from a dark corner, ran past him and darted out between the bars in the vault door. From that time on nothing occurred to mar his quiet watch, but in the morning he was rather glad to be released from his dull quarters.

The Farmers.

Agriculture, commerce and manufactures are the three pursuits that unite a country, but the most important is the first, for without its products the spindle cannot turn and the ship will not sail. Agriculture furnishes the conservative element in society; and in the end is the guiding, restraining, controlling force in governments. Against storms of popular fury, against frenzied madness that seeks collision with established order, against the spirit of anarchy that would sweep away the landmarks and safeguards of Christian society and Republican government, the farmers of the country stand as a shield and bulwark—themselves the willing subjects, and therefore forcing all others to quiet submission.

Market Report.

Honor—Scarce; old stock exhausted and the new will be a failure.

Honesty—None in the market, and we are compelled to omit quotations.

Prudence—All in the hands of old stock-holders and held close.

Modesty—Stock badly managed; none for sale to street speculators.

Vice—Market overstocked, with an active demand and good prices.

Pride—Market glutted, notwithstanding the heavy demand.

Polltiness—Cheap holders unable to dispose of any at present rates.

Scandal—None at wholesale, dealt in chiefly by peddlers at retail.

Love—None offered except for the cash or its equivalent.

Ice-boats are used on the Hudson at Newburg to transport passengers across the river, and they send along at the rate of sixty miles an hour.